

S9 E04 - Pam's Paper Insurance Policy

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

(ORIGINAL BROADCAST VERSION) This is the BBC Home Service. Fraternising with the Light Programme natives is forbidden.

(REPEAT BROADCAST VERSION) This is the BBC Light Programme. Fraternising with Home Service natives is forbidden.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Owww!

SECOMBE:

Oh, yes?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) I told you he'd been at the...

SECOMBE:

I seen you tip-toein' into the typist's pool after dark.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Well done.

GREENSLADE:

That was only for a moonlight swim, sir.

SECOMBE:

A moonlight swim in your pyjamas? I don't believe my ear trumpets.

GREENSLADE:

All lies, dear listeners. I wore not the pyjamas. I wore bathing drawers of the briefest grist.

MILLIGAN:

Ah, ha, haaaa.

GREENSLADE:

And ladies have remarked on my noble proportions.

SECOMBE:

I bet they have, mate. Ha ha. Now just take a gander at this sequel to the hula-hoop.

GREENSLADE:

Let's see.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) The hula-hoop

GREENSLADE:

Be you own father: A new genetic game. I... I say, the ladies won't subscribe to this idea.

SECOMBE:

Fear of unemployment, eh? Don't worry, ladies, it's only a game, you know, only a game. Ha, ha, ho, hooo.

SPRIGGS:

(OFF) You had them worried, Jim.

SECOMBE:

Here's another Merry Christmas game. The complete home neck-breaking kit. Watch. Hup!

FX:

THUD. NECK BREAKING.

GRAMS:

CHEERS.

SELLERS:

Yes, folks. You can hear how popular a broken neck can be. Just one downward stroke of a sledgehammer and wow, hear your friends laugh. And now a word from our sponsor.

SECOMBE:

Blood-orange.

SELLERS:

Next week another word.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Told you it wouldn't get a...

SELLERS:

Forward, nurgler Seagoon.

SECOMBE:

Aaahh.

SELLERS:

Ee.

SECOMBE:

Ti.

SELLERS:

To.

SECOMBE & SELLERS:

Tuuu!

MILLIGAN:

All together now, please:

OMNES:

Tuuuuu!

MILLIGAN:

Ohhh, what it is to have friends. (PAUSE) Or I thought I did, anyhow. Now, folks, here is Mr Greenslade to make an omni-directional announcement, from the waist upwards.

SECOMBE:

Come on, there, Wal. Give us the old posh wireless talkin', there, Wal.

SELLERS:

Go on, Wal, spit da words out, Wal, go on.

MILLIGAN:

Go on, there. Go on, Wal...

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen.

SELLERS:

Cor, 'ark at 'at, there.

SECOMBE:

Yeah, class.

GREENSLADE:

Stop. Oi, oi.

SECOMBE:

Real class. Real class.

GREENSLADE:

Quiet.

SECOMBE:

Real class.

GREENSLADE:

Quiet.

SECOMBE:

Take your glasses off, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Look...

MILLIGAN:

Get up, there.

GREENSLADE:

Because I talk proper like, nark all the old chatter, there, please. (LAUGHS) Ladies and g...

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

MILLIGAN:

This is only the beginning.

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and g entlemen, the scene is a pair of trembling knees in the Maldives. From their shelter two criminals royal are partaking of a frugal meal.

FX:

KNIVES AND FORKS ON PLATES. (UNDER SCENE)

GRYTPYPE:

(HUMS)

MORIARTY:

Another plate of frugals?

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, no, Moriarty, but a little more newspaper stew, if you [UNCLEAR]...

MORIARTY:

You shall have it, sir. (SINGS TO HIMSELF)

GRYTPYPE:

We've never had it so good, count.

MORIARTY:

We've never had it so good, buddy,

GRYTPYPE:

My dear pince-nez. Tell me, pince-nez...

MORIARTY:

Owww?

GRYTPYPE:

Where did you learn this foul but economical recipe?

MORIARTY:

It's a family secret!

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

MORIARTY:

They died after the first mouthful.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

And so did that joke. It was terrible... I had to do all the washing up myself.

GRYTPYPE:

There is a possible plot for this week's show.

MORIARTY:

No, let me get out of the way.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Do listen carefully, dear listeners, on your attention of it depends your enjoyment. The editor of "Pam's Paper" will pay one thousand leather pounds to the next of kin of any person who is drowned in water, provided a copy of Pam's Paper is found on the deceased's body. You're wearing a deceased body aren't you, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

No, no! It's still got power in it. Listen to these knees:

FX:

CASTANETS.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

That is power, my dear pince-nez. Never mind about that, run out and buy a copy of Pam's Paper and we'll find a Charlie to drown, Moriarty. Ha ha ho!

MORIARTY:

Hu hu ho!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, on board one of Her Majesty's gas stoves in a Sussex wood, a bundle of Welsh rags suddenly become animate.

FX:

HAMMERING ON ANVIL

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) We'll keep a welcome in the dustbins, A-ha, ha, ha, ha, deee-da-deeee. Ah-ha... Oh, er... Ha! That's got me old legs straightened out. Ha-ha, ha! Aaaaah, now, folks. What a perfect winter's day. A blanket of white snow. What a pity it's July. Ha ha. Still...

FX:

SOMETHING SCRAPING, BOTTLES DROPPING (REPEATS)

SEAGOON:

Willium! What are you doing there in that bush?

WILLIUM:

Shavin', mate. I had a sudden attack of 'airs.

SEAGOON:

Well hurry up, there's other people waiting.

WILLIUM:

I thought you was trying to cut down on bushes, mate.

SEAGOON:

Idle gossip, I tell you, idle gossip.

FX:

LOAN BIRD WHISTLING/CALLING UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Listen! An English bird in full-throated cry! Oh, a part of England's treasured heritage! Where is the dear bird? Ahhh, I see him.

FX:

GUNSHOT.

GRAMS:

WHA, WAA, (THEN SPED UP)

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Got him. Right in the primaries.

ECCLES:

You fool! Look what you done to my fairy cakes.

SEAGOON:

Oh, naughty me.

ECCLES:

You naughty man. These fairy cakes are heirlooms.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, let me describe this crutty herbet. He was covered from head to foot in hand painted chicken feathers and standing in a tree.

ECCLES:

Eh! What...? Why has this tree stopped?

SEAGOON:

It's got a puncture.

ECCLES:

(TYPICAL ECCLES NOISES). I said.

SEAGOON:

Come down, nitty nong. And warm yourself by this roaring lion.

ECCLES:

Oh, ta. I'm going to let you into a secret. (PAUSE) I'm making... a world record.

SEAGOON:

Really? Tell the, folks. Listen to this, folks. Why should I suffer alone?

ECCLES:

I do.

SEAGOON:

(ECCLES-LIKE) Okay.

ECCLES:

Folks, if I go on wearing these chicken feathers for the next eighty nine years, I'll break the world's bird impression record. And win the golden nest... (AUDIO CUT OFF?)

SEAGOON:

Gad! You parents must be proud of you.

ECCLES:

Well, actually they're not, I... I... um...

SEAGOON:

Well do a bird impression for the folks.

ECCLES:

Ok, I'll do a bird impression for the, folks. (PAUSE) Ahem. Bang! Ahhhh, owwww.

SEAGOON:

What bird was that?

ECCLES:

That was the one you just shot! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hoooo! You're a funny man, Eccles! A-ha, haaaa!, Eccles you're a funny man.

WILLIUM:

You're a twit, mate, now go on, be off with you, mate, go on.

ECCLES:

Well, before I be off, I'll do an impression of Max Geldray's nose.

GRAMS:

LONG FOG HORN BLAST.

GELDRAY:

Oh, boy, at last the conk is getting a breaks!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Mr Geldray is now willing to sign autographs.

SEAGOON:

Willing? He's desperate, mate.

GREENSLADE:

Be... Be that as it may, me, mi, mo, mu. But will you please take up your positions for part two? On your mark, get set, go!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

GRAMS:

THUNDER OF RUNNING BOOTS SPEEDING UP INTO DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Look! What's that lying there on the road, gasping?

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

WILLIUM:

Oh, it's a friend of man. A fully mature, clean shaven, world war one doughnut.

SEAGOON:

Gad! So it is. Form a cordon round it.

MORIARTY:

(ECHOING) (GIBBERISH).

WILLIUM:

'ere, there's some nit inside it. I'm off.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

SEAGOON:

Whoever you are in that doughnut, come out!

MORIARTY:

(ECHOING MUFFLED) Don't shoot, come out. We're coming out in the direction of up.

GRAMS:

WHIRRING OF MOTORS. CRASH OF DOORS.

LIFT ATTENDANT:

[SELLERS]

Top floor: Blouses, loose colours and certain appliances.

SEAGOON:

A door in the doughnut opened and out stepped two well endowed men facing east.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't panic, Ned. Put down that loaded Eccles. We are but honest doughnut miners.

SEAGOON:

Miners? Mining for what?

GRYTPYPE:

Jam.

SEAGOON:

Jam, the man says. There hasn't been jam in doughnuts since before the war.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh, no?

GRYTPYPE:

No?

MORIARTY:

Look at this!

SEAGOON:

Gad! Dear loosteners. There, gleaming on a slice of Moriarty's bread, was a piece of genuine uncut jam.

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha, ha, haaaa. And there's moooore where that came from.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Gad! I wish I could strike jam.

GRYTPYPE:

You can, Ned. Hu, hu, hu ho.

MORIARTY:

Oh, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Join us and become a merry singing jam miner in this key.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

(SING TO THE TUNE OF TRAMP, TRAMP TRAMP THE BOYS ARE MARCHING)

Jam, jam, jam, the boys are marching
Jam, jam, jam, they have them all,
if you have to get some more,
you can scrape it off the floor,
sandwich jam, jam, jam, forever more!

SEAGOON:

Gad! What a wonderful start.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Ned, your entrance fee. Have you any securities?

SEAGOON:

A life insurance on Greenslade.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GREENSLADE:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

Then run and collect it, Ned.

FX:

PAIR OF FEET RUNNING OFF INTO DISTANCE.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

(THEY HUM WHILE THEY WAIT)

GRYTPYPE:

This thing takes a lot of nerve, you know.

FX:

RETURNING FOOTSTEPS RUNNING

MORIARTY:

Here he comes back again.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS SLOWING TO A STOP.

MORIARTY:

Welcome back, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

Here's Neddie.

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Here. Fifty pounds insurance.

FX:

CASH REGISTER BELL

GRYTPYPE:

And there is your jam miner's ticket.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, take him somewhere while I arrange his drowning.

MORIARTY:

I'll do that.

GRYTPYPE:

(CONFIDENTIALLY) And don't forget the copy of Pam's Paper on the naughty body.

MORIARTY:

Just for the plot.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Come, Neddie, let us dine in to the manner which we are not accustomed. Namely... food!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Taxi!

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SPRIGGS:

Where to Jim? (SINGS) Where to Ji-immmmm? Where, Jim?

SEAGOON:

Part three and don't strain yourself. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Hold tight Ji-immmmm.

FX:

HORSE SLOWLY CLOPPING AWAY.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime in part three, a hotel chef has had a *terrible* accident.

FX:

VERY LOUD THUD.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

FX:

EXPLOSION, CRASHING OF GLASS, UTENSILS ETC SPILLING

BLOODNOK:

Oh, open a window, will you? Ohh, dear. A gas stove's exploded. Oh, dear, all me English Pizza ruined. Never mind, it was only a B pizza.

FX:

EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

Hello, we've come here to dine.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, welcome to Chez de Customers, Monsewer.

SEAGOON:

Merci, merci vous etez très gentile, mon ami. Nous sommes très...

BLOODNOK:

Speak English, you ignorant swine, will you.

MORIARTY:

Bloodnok, how dare you insult this ignorant swine?

BLOODNOK:

I beg your pardon, I had no idea that you were an ignorant swine. Allow me to show you to your tarble desmaines.

MORIARTY:

Ah, damaines.

SEAGOON:

Ta. I say. Why are you smothered in rice pudding?

BLOODNOK:

I'm trying to keep it at body temperature, you...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Anyway, that went well, didn't it.

SEAGOON:

Splondeed, splondeed. Now, could we have the menu?

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, the menu is off. Something else, perhaps? The... bill, the l'additions? Or something?

SEAGOON:

I know where I've seen you.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

You're Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Right first time.

SEAGOON:

I recognised your old army boots.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, I always wear 'em, you know.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

I can't get 'em off, as a matter of fact. You! I... Wait... wait a bit. Where's me old pictures? I've got 'em here some...

SEAGOON:

Ooh.

BLOODNOK:

Of course I recognise that frilling sticking plaster. You're private Ned Seagoon. Well, well, well, well, well. People told me you were dead.

SEAGOON:

What people?

BLOODNOK:

The ones that saw you on television recently.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? Lies, you know, all lies! Hello, folks, hello, folks!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Give us a song.

SEAGOON:

I'm the [UNCLEAR] of London, you, I sing louder than Adele Leigh.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Sing!

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) We'll keep a dustbin in Yaka Ba Kaka.

MORIARTY:

He's only joking, Neddie, don't get so upset, Neddie

SEAGOON:

Yes, but why does he have to tell the truth?

MORIARTY:

I don't know.

BLOODNOK:

Ned, I hear you just matured an insurance policy.

SEAGOON:

True.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, Ned. You remember that during the war I borrowed a hundred pounds off you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I'm perfectly willing to forget all about it. And let bygones be bygones. Now Ned, can I interest you in a few shares in an exploding knee industry?

MORIARTY:

Don't listen, Neddie, he's a ch... a creat, a pa... cheat! A crook! He's a blaggard, I don't know...

BLOODNOK:

Take that!

FX:

METALLIC CLANK

MORIARTY:

Oooowwww... (PAUSE)

BLOODNOK:

Fear he's... allergic to sledgehammers, you know. Gladys!

THROAT:

Yes, Mate.

BLOODNOK:

Massage his head with a shovel.

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

METALLIC CLANK

MORIARTY:

Arrgghh!

BLOODNOK:

See that bottle of water on the mantelpiece?

SEAGOON:

Is it yours?

BLOODNOK:

Last night I crept down to the river Thames and I stole it.

SEAGOON:

What a thrilling life you lead.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. I have discovered, Neddie, that the river Thames reaches *both banks!* I believe that there is life on the other side.

SEAGOON:

Fool! Ha, ha, ha. England finishes at Woolwich.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but there have been signs; things floating in the river, you know; that show there are sort of low form of life over there, you know.

SEAGOON:

How long would it take to cross?

BLOODNOK:

Four months as the crow flies. Of course if you go to Battersea Bridge it takes only ten minutes.

SEAGOON:

But isn't that the... the danger route?

BLOODNOK:

It's *hell* over there, I tell you. Only last week an old lady fell off her electric stilts... and well, I'm afraid she'll never live again.

SEAGOON:

You're right, it's better by raft. (PIRATE ACCENT) I'll join 'e, matey.

BLOODNOK:

Good 'e, matey, arrr.

SEAGOON:

Argh aaargh.

BLOODNOK:

Now take this pen and sign on a prize crew... (SOUNDS LIKE A SHARP EDIT). Da da daa dum

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME.

GRAMS:

GAGGLE OF PEOPLE TALKING.

GREENSLADE:

The sounds you hear are second rate extras chosen for their inferior quality to allow Mr Secombe's slender talents to shine.

SEAGOON:

I'll see you outside, mate. (LAUGHS) I couldn't miss ya. (CLEARs THROAT) Men of old Deptford! You're all naughty sons of the sea.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not, I was born on dry land, I was. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you! The Fred Quinge ward.

SEAGOON:

Right. Take one pace forward.

FX:

BOOTS STEP STEP, SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiiie!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now one pace back, you spotty herbet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You... rotten twinnick. Why don't you pick on somebody your own size?

SEAGOON:

(CRYING) That's the trouble. There is nobody my size!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I go home now? I gotta get my ear bandaged, I just bit it.

SEAGOON:

How did you manage to bite your ear?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SLOWLY) I stood on a chair, a-ha, hey!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Stop that laughing.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I'm the funny man in this bit.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Now this... (LAUGHS) (OFF) It says 'ere. (NORMAL) Now! Those who want to sail on the cross-Thames raft, follow me. But first, Ray Ellington will give us a chance to get at the old brandy, there. Ahhh....!
(FADE)

FX:

STAMPEDING FEET.

ELLINGTON:

I wonder where he hides that stuff?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'ODD MAN OUT'

FX:

CONTINUOUS SLAPPING, UNDER:

MORIARTY:

(CRIES OF PAIN, VARIOUS OWS, ETC) Ah.

(2 SECOND PAUSE)

FX:

SLAPPING RESUMES, UNDER:

MORIARTY:

(FURTHER CRIES OF PAIN, VARIOUS OWS, ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

There. Take that. Take that, [UNCLEAR]!

FX:

SLAPPING STOPS

GRYTPYPE:

There!

MORIARTY:

(OWS OF RELIEF)

GRYTPYPE:

Let that clubbing be a lesson to you, you crutty French schlapper.

MORIARTY:

Not... nutting.

GRYTPYPE:

I turn my back and you let Neddie get into the opiate brown power of Bloodnok.

FX:

SLAP.

MORIARTY:

Ow! I'm... I'm sorry, Grytpype. Sorry, pronounced...

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE) I'M SORRY, GRYTPYYYYYPE.

GRYTPYPE:

All right then, Moriarty.

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE, SPED UP) I'M SORRY GRYTPYYYYYPE.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't cringe to me, you fool.

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE, LOWER) I'M SORRY GRYTPYYYYYPE

GRYTPYPE:

I can't bear you saying it once, three times is too much for me.

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE, SPED UP) I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE, I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. (REPEATED AND ECHOED)

GRYTPYPE:

You're sorry?

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE) I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. (GETTING HIGHER AND HIGHER) I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE.

GRYTPYPE:

I've heard that somewhere before. Get into this cannon, Moriarty.

FX:

BOOM.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww..... (FADES)

GRYTPYPE:

Consider yourself fired. Fortunately, by walking with a limp, I placed a limpet mine under their raft. Don't forget, folks, they are on a raft.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL TRUMPET LINK

MORIARTY:

(OVER, SINGS) Ba bar da doh.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER, SINGS) Dohhhh. De ya papoohh.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) October the fourteenth.

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS, UNDER:

BANERJEE:

Get! Shoo! Shoo! [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

[UNCLEAR].

BANERJEE:

But look! But ohh, dear.

LALKAKA:

Oh, dear.

BANERJEE:

All coal dust everywhere.

LALKAKA:

Ah.

BANERJEE:

Good heavens, I... I... Good heavens.

LALKAKA:

Ahdah.

BANERJEE:

I... I... I don't know what. The European Bloodnok says the raft... the raft must be finished today.

LALKAKA:

It is finished, it will be finished today, it will definitely be finished.

BANERJEE:

It will.

LALKAKA:

Now don't panic, man. Everything in the garden is indeed lovely, I'm telling you.

BANERJEE:

Lovely. Lovely, lovely. Lovely, he says. Lovely! I'm... I'm down to my last loin cloth and not a sign of any curry powder from the old country. Everything is lovely, he says. Everything is lovely.

LALKAKA:

But listen, listen.

BANERJEE:

What?

LALKAKA:

Listen to me Banerjee.

BANERJEE:

[UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

But listen, listen.

LALKAKA:

What?

BANERJEE:

Listening, listening listening.

LALKAKA:

Looking on the op . . . op . . . er . . . opamatistic side,
man. Two things can happen.

BANERJEE:

Two things?

LALKAKA:

One... one... one that we finish it.

BANERJEE:

Yep, yep.

LALKAKA:

And two, that we do no finish it.

BANERJEE:

Yes.

LALKAKA:

And if we don't finish it, well, that is definitely the finish of it, that is what...

BANERJEE:

What are you saying, man?

LALKAKA:

I know.

BANERJEE:

What are you saying?

LALKAKA:

I [UNCLEAR]...

BANERJEE:

If we don't finish it, that is the finish of it. You're up the duff, I tell you. (CONTINUES UNDER
LALKAKA)

LALKAKA:

What I said was grammatically correct, I'm telling you.

BANERJEE:

[UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

It is just that you've never been to Oxford [UNCLEAR] University.

BANERJEE:

Ha ha hud!

LALKAKA:

So you do not understand the parsing and the tensing of the sentences.

SEAGOON:

Is... is the raft finished?

BLOODNOK:

It's floating and that's good enough for me. We shall sail with the tide. Hoist the mast! We shall have to wait for the wind.

SEAGOON:

With you aboard we shouldn't have to wait too long.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Now I want you to keep this copy of Pam's Paper on your body.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. It fits perfectly

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I chose it myself.

SEAGOON:

(GIRLY VOICE) Oh, thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Not at all.

SEAGOON:

What about navigators?

BLOODNOK:

I never wear navigators! This man will be he, he he hee.

ECCLES:

Hel-lo, Neddie. You remember me? Here. (MAKE BIRD WHISTLE NOISES)

SEAGOON:

Of course! Do you remember me?

FX:

GUNSHOT

ECCLES:

Owww! Aool, aool. My new fairy cakes.

SEAGOON:

This man is no good, he's perforated below the water line.

BLOODNOK:

What? He's brilliant, I tell you. Eccles? Did you know that the Thames is 218 miles long?

ECCLES:

218 miles long, eh?

BLOODNOK:

And you know it's 30 yards wide?

ECCLES:

30 yards wide.

BLOODNOK:

You see? He has the answer to both questions.

SEAGOON:

Ahh. You know how wide it is, you know how long it is, but! Can you tell me where the source is?

ECCLES:

Oh, I think it's on the dinner table. Ho, ho! A-ha, ha, ha. You're a funny man, Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Oh, I lie mala.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ECCLES:

I'm alone, ain't I?

BLOODNOK:

Pity about that but proof positive. Well, cast off, I'll just strap on these fifty life belts for a joke.

SEAGOON:

Well done.

BLOODNOK:

The dreaded Thames trans trum trom...

ECCLES:

ba dum ba dum.

BLOODNOK:

Is on!

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME

FX:

FOG HORN (CONTINUE QUIETLY IN BACKGROUND)

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ECHOES GREENSLADE)

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, on the dreaded north bank, the editors of Pam's Paper which, if you remember, are offering one thousand pounds for...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Get on with it, will you? Keeping me hanging round, I'm only wearing shorts in this fog, you know.

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) On the mysterious north bank we find the editors of Pam's Paper enveloped in fog.

FX:

LONG FOG HORN.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh-ohhhh-ohhhh!

CRUN:

Oh, dear. What a night it's going to be, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

FX:

FOG HORN.

CRUN:

Ohhhhh, ohhhh.

FX:

LOW FOG HORN ANSWERED BY ANOTHER BACK AND FORTH

CRUN:

Put your saxophone away, Min, will you?

MINNIE:

I wish it was. It's something crossing the river, Henry! And don't forget that lord Pugg is coming tomorrow. Iii puggy.

CRUN:

It's not Pugg, Min. It's pronounced "heeeeeewwww"

MINNIE:

Oh, that's dangerous, Henry. I mean, supposing somebody recognise him on the tram and shouts "PEEEWWW"

CRUN:

Ahhh.

MINNIE:

Could put the trams off their...

FX:

CRASH, EXPLOSION

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Owwww!

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhhhhhh.....!

CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

Owwwwww!

CRUN:

Somebody's drowning, bring the Irish Stew.

MINNIE:

What for?

CRUN:

I love Irish Stew.

MINNIE:

Well, Irish stew in...

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Help! Help! My legs don't reach the bottom.

MINNIE:

He must be deformed.

CRUN:

(OFF) What's happening out there?

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

CRUN:

Ned, catch this dry suit of clothes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, here's the receipt.

GRYTPYPE:

Blast, Moriarty, he's still alive.

ECCLES:

Ha! (CATCHING BREATH) Pardon me. Oh, dear, what a swim! A-ha, ha, hooo-oow. Are you natives of the dreaded north bank?

GRYTPYPE:

Errrr... Yes, yes.

ECCLES:

(STRANGLED LAUGHTER)

GRYTPYPE:

Welcome, white man, just put this Pam's Paper in your pocket.

ECCLES:

Ooh, ta.

MORIARTY:

Now close your eyes, Eccles. Together, hurmmmph.

FX:

SPLASH

ECCLES:

You're wrong, folks, I stepped to one side, ha ha ha. Arrhhhgh!

FX:

SPLASH

ECCLES:

(OFF) Who did that to me?

GREENSLADE:

That's it, folks, I've got to dash, I've got to an insurance company. Oh!

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Wrong again, folks! A-ha, ha, ha. Well, it's a happy ending isn't it.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME STARTS

FEMALE ANNOUNCER:

That was the Goon Show, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, the script was by Spike Milligan, the announcer was Wallace Greenslade and the program was produced by John Brownell.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

Notes:

1) On the south bank of the Thames - was the home until 1961 of the most important naval victualling yard. Also Milligan home ground.